

Forever and A Day

by of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-03-10 09:58:49

Updated: 2013-08-20 10:55:10

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:39:21

Rating: K+

Chapters: 10

Words: 16,987

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A collection of drabbles about life on Berk. A mixed bag - some funny, some really sad, some fluffy.

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:** Hi! I'm of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays and this is my FIRST FANFIC EVER! I'm pretty excited. But anyways, I would appreciate any type of review, I don't care whether you think my work is bad or not, just tell me, because I'm new at this and want other people's opinions of my stories. So basically, this is just a series of drabbles at all different times, not really connected, but they might be in the future. These will be numbered, and I really hope to make it past 100. This story will be updated approx. every 2-5 days, I hope. I do warn you that certain characters will die at various points in time. I hope you enjoy...**

****1. Home****

There they were, slumped against each other, bedraggled and exhausted, covered with scratches, bruises and cuts, but alive. Covered in mud, yet a blonde blur still raced out of the crowd gathering and held the young man in a death grip, sobbing into his tunic. Then came the old blacksmith, hobbling along on his leg, then a larger person, the twins, fighting over who got the first hug, then a young man with dark hair and curling horns on his helmet, and finally the chief, and the Night Fury wrapped his scaly wings around them all. When they emerged, they were all gasping for air, were bedraggled from Hiccup's wet clothes, but that didn't matter. And then, the young woman kissed him, and he put his arms around her. He tasted like salt and smoke and blood, but she didn't care.

They were home.

****2. Always****

They will ALWAYS be there for each other. It doesn't matter what the

situation is, they will always be there. Because truly, deep down they do care about each other, no matter what they would have you believe. They can always fall back on each other, whether someone had died, or they were just having a bad day, or they needed help in a fight. Whatever anyone said, they'd stick together, and fight for each other. Because they are all interconnected, twisted together like the trunk of an old tree, intertwined and probably the most different yet alike people in the village. They would _always_ be loyal, and _always_ be true. They would _always_ be there for each other.

****3. Abyss****

Looking out over the tendrils of water, watching fractured moonlight dance over the waves in a taunting fashion, was a figure, tiny and insignificant compared to the cliff he was standing on. Shadows played in the dim light, and his reflection bounced back and forth on the mirrored surface. A single wet tear rolled down his cheek, perfect, like a drop of dew on morning grass. He watched it fall into the inky abyss beneath him. It was deep, and cold, and he couldn't help but feel it was a horrible way to die. Alone. Freezing. The arms of the ocean carrying you away. He picked a flower from the soft green underfoot, looked at it for a while and then kissed it and sent it away with the wind, and he watched it sail along, floating, and he watched until he couldn't see it anymore. Until it was gone, lost in the sea beneath him. He wasn't going to get it back ever again. Just like her.

****4. Stories****

Sometimes, Hiccup read to Toothless. Usually it was during the day, but on special occasions, they would go to the cove and lay out on the grass under the stars, and Hiccup would light a candle and read from his storybooks. And Toothless would listen attentively, because he loved those stories. Sometimes they were about princesses with fish tails who lived under the sea. Sometimes they were about magic, and people who waved sticks around and cast spells on princes who turned into animals. But Toothless' favourite was about a boy who could turn things to ice, and who brought the snow and cold wherever he went. That was Hiccup's favourite too. Maybe it was because the boy was a bit of an outcast, like Hiccup had been, and that they were alike. And when Hiccup read that story to him, Toothless could imagine the snowflakes landing on his nose, could feel the cold seeping from under his feet. And sometimes, he could see the boy in the firelight. When Hiccup read to him, it was as if he was in a different world, and his words put Toothless in a drowsy state. Usually, they would fall asleep together by the fire, and Toothless would dream about meeting the fish-princesses, and the people with magic sticks, but most of all, the boy with the magic staff who fought with him the ice and cold.

****5. Disgusting****

"Toothless, c'mon, it won't hurt you. Won't love it 'til you try it!"

Toothless shook his head. There was no WAY he was going to eat a tiny tree. Trees weren't supposed to be eaten! And this tree had a green trunk, which meant it was probably poisonous, which meant that he might die from eating this stuff! Dragons weren't supposed to eat

plants anyway.

"Please Toothless, just taste it. It's only broccoli!"

Broccoli huh? It probably wasn't meant to be eaten. It was probably sent from Loki as a trick, trying to play pranks on people who were dumb enough to try and eat it.

"If you don't taste it, we won't fly for a week."

Pfft. Everyone knew that Hiccup wouldn't last that long and would eventually just take him out again.

"I'm sure Stormfly and Hookfang and all the other dragons eat it. _They _aren't afraid of a bit of broccoli."

That did it. There was _no_ dragon as brave as Toothless! He nibbled at it, then licked his lips. His eyes widened, and he swallowed the little tree in one bite. Either Loki's poison took a while to kick in or this broccoli stuff was supposed to be eaten, because it tasted good!

A/N: Hopefully you liked this.

2. Chapter 2

A/N: Hi! I'm back. So, I lied. I'll probably end up updating this every day. Before the story starts, I have to introduce you to Fin, he is Hiccup and Astrid's son (well, in my AU anyway). He'll most likely appear quite a bit. Thankyou SO SO SO MUCH to Tasermon's Partner for my first review. So glad you liked it ;). Anyways, on with the story!

6. Angel

Toothless watched the three figures in the snow from the door to Hiccup's house. They were crazy, but this was coming from the craziest one of all, so it wasn't like he could talk. The snowflakes fell at his feet, collecting in piles, coating the doorstep with a blanket of pure white dust. He watched as Hiccup threw a perfect bulls-eye at Astrid's face. That wasn't going to end well. Fin just stood and watched the pair bombard each other with snowballs, his eyes moving back and forth as if watching a game of bashyball. Eventually, Hiccup gave up and collapsed onto the ground. Astrid aimed a snowball at him, and he covered his face with his hands.

"Say it or die!"

"Never!"

She smiled devilishly and prepared to throw her snowball at him.

"Okay, okay! Astrid is the best snowball champion thrower ever and is totally better than me because I am a weak wimp."

She smiled, satisfied.

"Now help me up."

She grabbed his hand, but he pulled her down with him. Probably the oldest trick in the book, but Toothless supposed it was also hard to teach a new dog old tricks.

"Hiccup! You will pay for this!"

He just smiled at her, and began to thrash his arms and legs (well, leg) about up and down.

"What are you doing?"

"Making snow angels. Help me?"

"Alright."

So she began to do the same, and she had eventually created an angel in the snow. Then Fin sat down too, and began to make an angel as well. When he was finished, they all stood up and looked at their handiwork. Hiccup's was a bit lopsided, but that was because of his leg, and it made his special anyway.

"They look great. Especially mine," Astrid said, and smiled devilishly.

"Yeah well, you're an angel already."

****7. Colour****

Hiccup was in an experimenting mood. He had been wondering for a long time how he could create coloured pictures, using something other than his charcoal stick. Eventually, he came up with the idea of paint, which was made using bits of natural elements. The first colour he wanted to create was red. After searching for a while, he found an old mat that had been used while the Italian traders had been on Berk, that was covered in red dirt. He shook it all out, collected it, mixed it with water and put it in a pot. The second colour he decided to make was green, which was very easy. He crushed up grass and moss into a paste, then mixed it with water. Blue came from a woad plant, which he found in the forest. Yellow came from daisies. When he had made those four, he left them in pots outside his house, where he hoped no-one would find them. Then he left to go flying with Toothless.

When Hiccup returned later in the afternoon, his father was fuming. Those pots had been for washing in the tub upstairs.

"Hi Dad," Hiccup said, and tried very hard not to laugh.

Stoick's beard and hair had turned blue.

****8. Dentist****

Today was just another boring, dreary day on Berk in Astrid's opinion. She had nothing to do. She'd already taken Stormfly out flying, and now she was asleep on her bed, so she couldn't play with her. Training wasn't on until the next morning, and her parents had banned her from using her axe all day because of an incident involving Bucket's toes. So logically, she would be spending time

with her 'friends' right? Wrong. She really wasn't in the mood for Snotlout's flirting, the twins were only tolerable if you took them in small doses, and Fishlegs was too boring (in her opinion) to spend all day with. So she was going to spend time with Hiccup. He was in his Little Room at the Back of the Forge, tinkering with something or other. She tapped him on the shoulder, then ran to his opposite one. He turned, looked around, then spotted her.

"Hey Astrid. What brings you here on this awfully dreary day?"

"Boredom. And the fact that you're always doing something interesting."

Toothless, who was lying by the fire, snorted.

"What are you doing?" she asked Hiccup.

"I was thinking this morning, you know how Vikings seem to have a problem with their breath? I figured out a way to fix it."

"Cool, what is it?"

He held up a stick tied with brittle sheep hairs that looked very clean.

"I like to call it the toothbrush."

****9. Seasick****

Toothless wrinkled up his nose at the sound of vomiting over the side of the docks. He walked over to see who it was, and to his surprise, it was Tuffnut, a sickly shade of green. He nudges the boy with his nose.

"Argh! Toothless, you scared me!"

Tuffnut sat up and looking at the dragon, who was smiling. He probably hadn't forgiven him yet for the poison ivy incident.

"What's so funny lizard-breath?"

Toothless gestured to him.

"Yeah, not very Vikingly huh? I was supposed to go fishing this morning, but got off the boat because 'I forgot my net'. Why am I telling you this?"

The dragon shrugged.

"Yeah well, don't tell my sister about this. She'll never let me forget it if she finds out."

Toothless nodded.

"Tuff! Hey Tuff I thought you were s'posed to be going fishing... wait are you vomiting?"

"For the love of Thor..." Tuffnut sighed.

****10. Tea****

Hiccup had been working on something strange all day. He had been in and out of the forge too many times to count, through the woods at least a dozen times and to Gothi's healing hut twice already. Now, he was in the Mead Hall with Astrid, stirring something in a pot over the fire. They were both looking eagerly at it, and Toothless was curious, so he walked up to the pot.

"Hey bud. Wanna try something? I think it's ready Astrid."

Astrid and Hiccup both got a spoon and poured some into a bowl, then passed it to the dragon. He sniffed it, and accidentally got some on his skin...it made him itch, kind of like something else...

Toothless hissed, his ears back, and knocked the bowl onto the floor.

"Didn't you like it? It took me all day to make. Trust me, everyone will be drinking it soon enough."

Astrid rolled her eyes. Hiccup then sniffed the bowl, and his eyes widened.

"OH NO! This has POISON IVY in it! I knew there was something devious about Ruff and Tuff's smiles when they gave me those herbs! I'll get them for this!"

Toothless was staring at the bubbling pot with shock horror. He nearly ATE poison ivy! Of course Ruff and Tuff were going to pay!

****A/N:** I hope this was enjoyable. The things that Hiccup used to make the paint in 7 were what people in the olden days actually used to make it. The dirt came from Siena in Italy, which is where the name of the colour sienna comes from. There will be more elaboration of the paint colours in later chapters. ******

****Thanks for reading, and remember to review!****

****of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays ****

3. Chapter 3

****A/N:** Hi! Back again! Hope you enjoyed the last two chapters. This one is a little more light-hearted. I was in a fun mood when I wrote it. Number 15 is awfully short, but as the saying goes, short and sweet! Oh, and about 13, it's really strange - an pretty impossible, but this is FanFic, and I could see it happening so... I could really use some feedback... ******Thanks again Tasermon's Partner!**

******Anyways, I forgot to do a disclaimer in the last two chapters (I'm hitting my head on a rock over and over again) , so here it is.****

I don't in the least own HTTYD, or its characters. ****That's the only time I'm going to do that, because its bleedingly obvious that**

it's true. Now, on with the story! Enjoy...**

11. Fly

There was a fly sitting on Toothless' nose. An annoying, big-eyed buzzing fly. And he hated it, because no matter what he did, the fly WOULD NOT GO AWAY. He tried batting it with his paw. It stayed still. He tried rubbing his nose on the ground. He couldn't reach. He stared at it for a while. It stared back. Soon they were having a stare-off, which Toothless lost. But that was probably because flies can't blink. Maybe he thought that if he gave it the death stare, it would die. Toothless should have known better. After a while he got bored, gave the bug-eyed devil one last swat with his paw and curled up on the grass. He slept for a long time, before being woken up by Hiccup, who was noisily making his way over to his dragon.

"Hey bud. Wait, there's a dead fly on your nose."

What? Dead? But how was it staying there?

"Gross! It has guts sticking it to you!"

Toothless growled at the fly. Disgusting!

12. Three

"Hiccup, Hiccup! C'mon ya gotta see this!"

Gobber's voice echoed upstairs to Hiccup's bedroom, where he sighed and got out of bed. It wasn't as though he had been sleeping or anything. Oh no, it wasn't like he had been woken up hours before dawn or anything. But he should have been prepared. Gobber had been keeping sheep as a hobby for the past month or so and a few of his ewes were expecting lambs. Hiccup tripped down the stairs, two at a time, while Gobber's encouraging shouts of 'hurry up you slow poke' and 'at this rate you won't be here 'til Snoggletog' came joyously ringing through the house. Hiccup stumbled out the door, and ran into Gobber in the process.

"FINALLY. I thought I was gonna die o' old age before ya got 'ere!"

"What is it that is so incredibly important the you had to wake me hours before dawn to see?"

"It's a miracle! One of the ewes had 'er lamb this mornin' and it's the strangest thing I've ever seen. Come take a look!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. It was just like Gobber to make something that had almost no significance everyone else's priority, but he went along with it anyway. This probably wasn't particularly exciting at all, knowing Gobber's tendency to exaggerate - a lot. When they arrived at his sheep paddock, Gobber led Hiccup out to the barn, through the door and into a little room at the back. Inside was a ewe and a lamb, that were facing the back wall. Gobber picked up the lamb and showed it's face to Hiccup, whose eyes widened in surprise.

"Isn't she a beauty? Musta had inbred parents..."

The little lamb had three eyes.

****13. War****

"This means WAR!" Fin shrieked from behind the table, and aimed a pillow straight at his father's head.

"Argh!" Hiccup yelled, through a mouthful of feathers.

"Die Outcast scum!"

Pillows were throw, pots broken and items thrown to the floor. The two people were red-faced and sweaty, covered in feathers and sticky yellow paint, the result of an earlier incident involving Hiccup's latest painting, a bucket of water, a ladder and some extreme bad luck on Fin's part. Said boy was laughing maniacally as feathers flew about and stuck to his auburn hair, a scary gleam in his eyes. Hiccup looked no worse for wear, though a little red-faced.

"I challenge you to a new game!"

"Snowball fight?"

"Nah, that's been done to death. Besides, catching pneumonia and frostbite is overrated."

"Please dad?"

"Nope, but we CAN have a staring contest."

"Yes! I'll win. Uncle Snotlout taught me a cool new trick for winning."

"Knowing him it's probably cheating."

"Huh!?"

"Nothing, anyway, let's begin!"

The two began to face off, until Fin closed his eyes.

"Ha! You blinked, I win, game over."

"Nah, I haven't opened my eyes yet, so technically I haven't blinked!"

"Cheat!"

"Creative thinker."

"Take it back!" Hiccup said, a pillow at the ready.

"Never!"

Hiccup threw the pillow just as the door opened, and it flew straight into Astrid's face. She gazed at the feather covered floor, broken pots and debris and her husband and son covered in paint and feathers and sighed.

"I'm not even going to ask."

****14. Bell****

Gobber's prize possession was a silver bell, about as big as his hand. He had 'stolen it' from Europe when he went on a voyage years ago. He told the story very often. It involved pirates and princesses, scandal and betrayal. It was really very entertaining, but it most likely wasn't true. But anyway, everyone on Berk would have been fine with his bell, if he didn't ring it at the crack of dawn every morning, and parade through the village waking everybody up. Stoick was particularly displeased at this, because even though he was a Viking who was used to being woken up by dragon raids (not that that happened anymore), he still loved to sleep in. One grey afternoon, the six teenagers and Toothless decided to do something about it, because they were all fed up with Gobber.

"We have a plan. It involves lots of cunning, wits and extraordinary stealth and speed," Hiccup said.

"What? In our language please," Tuffnut said.

"We need to be smart, fast and sneaky."

"Oh, alright. Actually, still not following."

Mentally, Hiccup face-palmed.

"Anyway, here's the plan."

Twenty minutes later, they had all returned, Ruff and Tuff covered in mud and leaves; Fishlegs all sweaty; Snotlout dripping wet; and Astrid with the offensive bell in her hand. Hiccup and Toothless looked at them proudly. Finally they understood.

The next morning, everyone in the village was woken by a sound much louder than any bell ever rung.

"WHERE'S MY BELL GONE?!"

****15. Burn****

Hiccup and Astrid waltzed in the door to the chief's house very late that night. They were dog-tired, and about to just fall into bed when Stoick stopped them.

"Where have you two been that took all day?"

"Swimming at the lake. We took a picnic to the cove," Hiccup said casually.

Stoick rolled his eyes, then got a good glimpse at their faces. They were bright red.

"What?"

"I think you two are sunburnt!"

****A/N: REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW!****

****of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT. :) ****

4. Chapter 4

****A/N:** Hi! Sorry guys, long time no see! I'm sooo super sorry that I didn't update this sooner, but here it is now! Thanks to Tasermon's Partner and Foxlight the Dragon Trainer for your lovely reviews...I needed that. Thanks also the Foxlight for favouriting it! MY FIRST FAVOURITE! Thanks to razska's promise and yozo for following it...you are ALL amazing! Oh, and a mistake in my author's note last chapter - when I said that 13 was weird but I could see it happening and such, I was actually talking about 12, with the three-eyed sheep. I like these five. I watched episode ? - Twinsanity of DROB yesterday (it's only available on AUSTAR here, which I don't have), and was VERY inspired by Ruff and Tuff's well-groomed yak. I'll probably write a oneshot or a drabble in here about how they got it. ******

****16. Wish****

One afternoon, Hiccup and Astrid were walking along the path that led to the hill where they sat every night to watch the sunset. Instantaneously, Astrid's hand found his. He smiled at it, and pulled her along the path. When they got to the hill, they sat down together on the grass and she put her head in his lap.

"It's beautiful," she whispered.

"That reminds me of someone..." he said.

It was moments like this when he pretty much announced his undying love for her that made her feel special. But she was always desperate to do something of the same nature for him. She kissed his chin, because that was how high she could reach with her head in his lap. He smiled, and kissed her cheek lightly, which sent shivers down her spine and left a warm patch that tickled. Bands of pink and orange streaked across the horizon, like someone had tipped paints pots out on a piece of parchment beyond the ocean. She closed her eyes for a second. She loved times like this, when there was that unspoken air of happiness that twirled around the two of them. He reached into his pocket and pulled out two coins and passed one to her.

"Dad said that Mum used to bring us both out here and give us each a coin. Then we had to throw it into the ocean and make a wish. I don't think I ever made any wishes though, I probably just chucked to coin out."

She smiled, closed her eyes and thought of a wish. He did the same.

"One...two...three!"

They both threw their coins into the ocean, watching them tumble and turn as they flew into the waves. Then, the pair turned back to the sunset, and watched the golden orb dip behind the ocean. As the stars came out, the two of them lay down in the grass and closed their eyes.

"Goodnight. I love you."

"Goodnight. I love you more," he whispered.

I wish that this moment could last forever...

****17. Box****

Ruffnut and Tuffnut each had a box under their beds, which contained all the things they had stolen from each other in the past. Ruffnut's box was filled with some fur clippings from their well-groomed yak, the blade of a knife, a wooden dragon that Tuffnut had stolen from Bucket, Tuffnut's lucky stick and a pair of underwear. She didn't know why she had the last item, but she thought that it might annoy her brother, so she stole them. Tuffnut's box contained a stuffed sheep, the handle of an axe, a spear head, an old hair brush, a bar of soap, some dried cockroaches and some more clippings from their well-groomed yak. One afternoon they had invited all their friends over for a game of hide-and-go-kill. Hiccup was the one who was supposed to be doing the killing, but would probably just make the person he found first the one to do the killing. That was no fun. But anyway, Ruff and Tuff had the same idea, which was to hide under the other's bed, so they climbed under and waited, glaring at each other. Tuffnut's foot hit something hard, and he yelped, at the same time as Ruffnut hit her head on something.

"What?" they said in unison.

"Hey, my wooden dragon!"

"The well-groomed yak's hair!"

"My underwear! I've been looking for those!"

"My lucky cockroaches! Hooray, they're here!"

"Wait - this box was under YOUR bed?! You've been stealing my stuff?!"

"Hey! These are all mine! That's nasty to steal!"

The two pushed their heads together and glared into each other's eyes.

"Hey, I found you guys! You're in!" Hiccup said happily.

****18. Dinner****

Dinner time was Toothless' favourite time of day. Dinner meant fish. The two went together like Vikings and weapons. One night, Toothless was bored, and Hiccup seemed to have forgotten to go down to the docks to get his fish. So Toothless went for a walk. He was just about to head home when he heard an awful noise coming from two houses down. Ruff and Tuff's. Of course, dinner for them meant fighting. And lots of it. It started with the fighting over who got the bowl with the Zippleback painted on it, and who got the one with the sheep. Then there was an argument over who got more peas than the other. They counted the peas. Then, they fought over who finished first, and now, over who wiped and who washed up.

"I'm washing! It's my turn!"

"No way! It's my turn!"

"Nuh-uh. You washed up three nights last week - I think it was three, it might have been four."

"I was here first! You snooze you lose!"

"Humph."

"Mine!"

They both grabbed at the scrubbing brush at the same time.

"Mine!"

"Go away you butt-elf!"

"I was here first!"

"I was born first!"

"By ten seconds!"

"I was still here first!"

Their mother, Ingrid Thorston then screamed. It was a common sound for the village, bickering then screaming. But usually, there was then a shout or two and all was quiet. This time though, she yelled their names and then said:

"Ruffnut, you are permanently wiping, and Tuffnut, you are permanently washing. Now go and hurry up before bed."

Tuffnut smirked evilly, and picked up the scrubbing brush.

****19. Sneeze****

Snotlout hated Winter. Well, most people did, but him more so. In Winter, it was so cold that it froze the snot in your nose, and it was near impossible to stay warm at night when you were trying to sleep. Winter was the time when Ruffnut and Tuffnut went absolutely insane. They both loved a good snowball fight, and often they hid sharp objects and rocks inside, which made for a nasty surprise. But these weren't the reasons Snotlout hated Winter. Oh no, these could be fixed or avoided. Snotlout hated Winter because Hookfang was allergy prone. Especially in the coldest part of the year. Snotlout didn't even know it was possible to catch hay fever when all the pollen was buried under six feet of snow. Hookfang was also prone to colds. And, this meant that Snotlout would ALWAYS be the one to look after her. So, he went through a LOT of wet rags for her to blow her nose, and about one thousand or so bowls of broth. Or maybe it was one hundred. He couldn't count that high. But anyway, today was no exception. He cleaned her stable, fed her ten or so bowls of broth and was about to head inside when she sneezed. All over him. He was literally covered in dragon snot from head to toe. He groaned. Then he froze. He could hear his friends coming down the hill to his house, and the barn had no door. He tried to hide, but they were upon him in a second.

"Hey Snotl - gross! Why are you covered in dragon

snot?"

"Yuck!"

"Stay away from me!"

"Yeah SNOTTY!"

Everyone glanced at Astrid, who looked very proud of herself.

"Ha! Snotty! That's a good nickname Astrid!"

Snotlout groaned again. He was NEVER going to live this down.

****20. Bed****

"NO! Not going! You can't make me!"

"Yes I can!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No no no no no no no no! See, I said more than you, I win!"

"It doesn't work that way. You are going. NOW."

"Nope. I'm staying here, and there's nothing you can do about it. I'm fixed in place!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. It was times like this that he wondered why, for the love of Thor, he had ever decided to become a parent. It wasn't that he didn't love Fin, he just had a tendency to be more annoying than Ruffnut and Tuffnut put together. Take now, and the everlasting battle of the stubborn forces over when bedtime was. No prizes for guessing where he got it from. Hiccup wasn't particularly fussed about bed time - but Astrid had insisted that he go to bed at three hours after sunset, so he could get enough sleep, especially at his age, nine and a half. Fin though, had other ideas. He said that he wasn't going to bed until his parents did, which aroused all sorts of problems. Now, he was doing that thing where he held his breath until he got his way, or passed out. It was probably his most disliked trait among the village, although he wasn't a spoiled child, as Vikings were stubborn too, and a little boy (albeit the chief's son) was NOT going to be their downfall. But anyway, now they were glaring at each other, and Toothless was shaking his head. Astrid then chose that moment to come down the stairs to the living room.

"Why are you still up? You should be in bed mister. Off you go."

Fin just nodded and raced off to bed as fast as his lanky legs could carry him.

"That's right! I'm boss, your bedtime is now!" she said.

"Why does he listen to you and not me?"

"Oh, that's just 'cause I'm way more intimidating than you, AND I'm just a more powerful person."

"Yea-wait! That's so not true!"

"Yes it is, and you know it."

He gave up, because really, he did know it.

****A/N:** Reviews are always great! Anyways, I love Fin...he's so cute! And, in 18 I thought that I didn't really do poor Tuff justice with the whole seasick thing, so I let him do the washing. I have that argument with my brother too... everyone knows that washing's better, right? Hope y'all enjoyed it!******

****of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT****

5. Chapter 5

****A/N:** Hi! I'm back. Soooo sorry that it's been A WHOLE WEEK. Thanks to Foxlight for the tip-off. I honestly had no clue. But that's just me...oblivious. Thanks also to Tasermon's Partner...again. And lovelyLoupus...here's some of that bonding you asked for! AND TwiliRupée. And those of you who favourited or started following.)o:) - viking smileys for you all! Now, let's introduce some new characters. Masculine (that's such a Tuffnut thing to call someone) is Tuffnut's son, and Snotlout II is Snotlout's son (duh!). So, I got back at Ruffnut in 24. 25 isn't my best, but I've had writer's block for ages. Unfortunately. And yes, Fin is also an amazing time-jumper. So, on with the story! Enjoy!******

****25. Hail****

It was raining on Berk. Not that this was an unusual occurrence, but it was unpleasant all the same. Toothless was fed up with being cooped up inside, and wanted to go out and play in the rain. He didn't know why Hiccup wasn't out there already. Toothless loved the rain, and splashing in puddles. Usually whenever it rained, Hiccup would come home absolutely soaked, even if he had been under shelter the whole time. Toothless was a die-hard puddle splasher, and nobody, not Hiccup, or Astrid or Stoick was going to stop him with their silly protests about being wet. What wasn't to love about wet weather anyway? The rain was pelting against the windows, and all over the village you could see things being tossed about in the wind, chairs, sticks, leaves, even the occasional sheep or Terror. Hiccup was sitting by the fire, watching him as he stared out at the rain. Toothless turned, gave him a dragon-grin and raced out the door.

"Toothless!" Hiccup yelled, and raced after him.

Toothless rolled around in the mud and water, turning himself into a muck monster. Hiccup ran out to him, and received a face full of mud for his efforts.

"Uck! What was that for?!"

Toothless looked at him with massive eyes and tilted his head. That always won over Hiccup.

"Oh, I guess it's ok â€¦ MUD FIGHT!" Hiccup shrieked, and SPLAT, a huge mound of mud hit Toothless between the eyes.

Toothless picked Hiccup up by the collar of his shirt and dumped him in a muddy puddle, then hid behind a sort of mud barricade in the shape of a hill. Hiccup picked himself up, and then began pelting his dragon with mud balls, and eventually, they were both brown. Someone came rushing out of the house to see what the commotion was, and was instantly splattered in the mud. It was Stoick, and he didn't look all that pleased with his son and his dragon. But then he smiled, scooped up an armful of mud and plastered it to Hiccup's head. He grimaced, and began chucking the brown slime anywhere and everywhere. Most of it hit home, and Stoick was now in the same boat as the boy and the dragon. Eventually, they gave up. Throwing mud really was exhausting, and now they were tired. Just at that moment, it started hailing. Toothless gave a mighty roar and raced inside, leaving his muddy footprints all over the floor. Stoick and Hiccup exchanged glances, shrugged, and continued on inside. Toothless loved the rain, but if there was one thing he hated more than eels, it was hail.

****22. Kiss****

Toothless thought that kissing was strange, yet a truly wonderful thing. One day, he was sitting with Hiccup and Astrid, watching the sun set, when Astrid leaned over and kissed Hiccup on the lips. He looked shocked for a second, then closed his eyes. After they broke apart, he said;

"What was that for?"

"Because I love you," she said simply.

He blinked. "I love you too."

They sat there, smiling at each other for a while, before she put her head in his lap and he put his hand on hers. So slowly, Toothless crept away with a dragon-grin on his face.

The next morning, when Hiccup woke up from bed, Toothless planted his big, scaly lips on the boy's forehead. Hiccup smiled.

"Thanks buddy, I love you too."

****23. When****

"Daaaad... Are we there yet?"

"No."

"When will we be there?"

"When we get there."

"That doesn't answer anything."

"Probably next year. We might not be home for Snoggletog."

"That's mean! I can't wait that long!"

"I was joking."

"Oh."

Minutes passed.

"Are we there yet?"

"No Fin."

"Dad, I'm bored. Really bored. What should I do?"

"Play with Toothless."

"He's asleep. He growled when I poked him."

"Why don't you draw?"

"I can only draw if you help me."

"I bet you can."

"How much?"

"A gold piece."

"Okay, I bet I can't. When do I start?"

"Now."

Half an hour ticked by.

"Finished. Are we there yet?"

"NO! I want to see that drawing."

Fin held it up.

"Oh, okay. I guess I owe you a gold piece. What is it?"

"It's me, you and Toothless on this boat."

Hiccup nodded.

"Are we there yet?"

Gods, this was annoying.

****24. Scared****

The rain bashed against the wooden walls of the house, making it shake and rattle violently. Tuffnut was outside on the front step, watching with awe as lightning rippled across the grey, cloud-stained sky. He didn't know when he had first become obsessed with thunder storms, but it was sort of a habit now, one that he probably wouldn't break for a long time. People said he was mad, but he got that a lot,

so it didn't really matter. He was woken from his trance by a tiny whimper coming from the bedroom he shared with Ruffnut. Honestly, he didn't know how he could hear it, it was so quiet. Maybe all the times he had to be cautious on his own while waiting for Ruff to jump out and scream like a banshee at him had given him supersonic hearing. That was something he could brag about to Snotlout later. But anyway, he got up from his perch on the step and carried on inside, to find Ruffnut curled up under her bed, a blanket over her face. When he pulled it off, she was pale as the moon, with wide, empty eyes.

"Hey, what's wrong?"

"N-nothing."

"Scared of the thunder storm?" he chortled evilly.

"Yes-no-maybe?"

"Hey, it's okay."

"What? Are you actually comforting me?"

"Yeah. That's what siblings are for, right?"

"No."

"Whatever. Come here."

He pulled her out and embraced her, her head against his.

"Shhhhhh...you'll wake Mum up."

She glared at him.

"It's alright. We're all scared of something. Would you believe it? 'Lout's scared of spiders. Itty bitty spiders that live in his house. Fishlegs has a phobia of these strange yellow moon-shaped things that the traders bought the other day. Hiccup...may be scared of Gobber when he gets angry. Good thing that doesn't happen much. I don't know what Astrid's scared of, but I'm sure it's something. It's okay."

Ruff smiled at him, probably for the first time in months. Ingrid then chose that moment to walk into the room. She dropped the pot she was holding and then spent the next few seconds trying to pick her jaw up off the floor. The twins then let go of each other and shuffled apart, blushing. Ingrid then left, smiling. Maybe she wasn't such a failed parent after all.

"Never speak of this day. Got it?" Ruffnut said.

"Okay, whatever you say sis."

They spat into their hands and shook on it.

****25. First****

"Dad, can we go flying? I've never been! Masculine has, and so has Snotlout II!"

"Masculine broke his neck and Snotlout II nearly killed himself when Hookfang set himself on fire."

"I'm turning six next month! Pleeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaase? Besides, you're better at flying than Tuffnut and Uncle Snotlout, and Toothless will keep me safe!"

"Alright."

"Yes!"

Hiccup rolled his eyes. Hyperactive five years olds weren't on his list of life's greatest joys. He sighed, and called Toothless out from his place by the fire. Hiccup picked up Fin, who yelled at him to be put down, and placed him on Toothless' back. Hiccup then sat behind Fin. Toothless took off, and Fin's green-blue eyes widened. He closed them, and gave Hiccup a gap-toothed smile. The wind ruffled his hair, and he tilted his chin up. When they reached the clouds, he let go, and stretched out his hands to stroke them. Hiccup smiled. Fin reminded him of Astrid when she'd first flown. Toothless smiled too. He loved making people happy. Especially Hiccup, but now he found pleasure in giving little Fin something to smile about too. Hiccup's arms snaked around his waist, and Fin laughed. Flying was now his favourite thing to do. He couldn't wait to get his own dragon. But now, he just enjoyed stroking the clouds and watching as they curled away at his touch. Eventually, Hiccup directed Toothless back to their house and he landed on the grass. Fin put his tiny arms around his dad's waist.

"Thank you so so so much! That was so COOL! I love you!"

"That's okay, we'll do this more often now. I love you too."

A/N: So, that's it. A quarter of the way there. Now, before you go and REVIEW, I have some story ideas I would like to tell you about.

**1. The Misadventures of a Blacksmith and his Sheep Phil ****is about Gobber and Phil's adventures (Phil is his sheep).**

2. Yet another drabble sequence that has the numbers to ten and the main colours (not primary, main). Mostly about Hiccup and Astrid.

3. Then a multi-chaptered fic about how Ruff and Tuff got their well-groomed yak.

What do you think?

Hope you enjoyed this chapter, and remember to REVIEW!

of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT.

****A/N:** Hi! I'm sorry. This should've been updated on Wednesday, when I finished it. But it's Easter, and I'm up to my ears in stuff. Speaking of which, Happy Easter everyone! Thanks to my amazing reviewers Tasemon's Partner, DunalN2, Foxlight the Dragon Trainer, all the way home and Star. Thanks also to those who added this to Favourites or Following. I'll admit, Chapter 5 wasn't that great. BUT, I hope I can make it up to you with this. Now, two new characters: Maya and Thom Ingerman. They're Fishlegs and Ruffnut's kids. I'm not really a Rufflegs supporter, but I think it's better than Rufflout, or whatever you call it. So, my personal favourite is 28. I just love Gobber and Phil. 30 was originally going to be the start of a longer story, and I may still use it, but I liked the idea, so I used it here. Good news, I'll probably update tomorrow. Hope you enjoy!**

****26. Teach****

"Dad, how do you draw like that?"

"Well, you take the charcoal and a piece of par--"

"No. I don't mean it like that. Can you teach me?"

"Alright. But I'm not going to teach you in here. Come outside, we're going for a ride."

"But I thought you were teaching me how to draw."

"I am, just not here. C'mon."

The pair sat down on Toothless, and he knew exactly where to go. The cove, just off Raven Point, where there were still indentations in the walls. It took no time to get there. When they arrived, Hiccup sat Fin down on a certain rock, and whispered to Toothless.

"Okay, now draw Toothless."

"Aren't you supposed to teach me first?"

"Nope. Just have a try, and I'll help you from there."

Fin just nodded. He began to draw. It wasn't very good, but it was also similar to Hiccup's first detailed drawing of the Night Fury. Toothless gave a gummy smile, and looked over Fin's shoulder, then waddled over to where that tree from all those years ago had grown back, and promptly uprooted it. He began to draw, like he'd done for Hiccup. Said human just smiled in nostalgia. Fin watched Toothless as he traced invisible lines in the sand, flecks of dirt spitting from his tree. When he was finished, Fin stood up, and began to walk over the lines. Toothless growled. _Don't touch my art_. Fin stepped in the gaps of the drawing, and Toothless gave him a gummy smile. Fin danced through the gaps, hopping from leg-to-leg. Hiccup kept smiling. When Fin emerged from the drawing, he ran up to Toothless and put his little arms around the dragon's neck.

"You see, you don't have to draw something that looks real to be a good drawer," Hiccup said.

Fin smiled again, and began to draw. He drew a little boy, a man, a woman and a dragon, and he titled the picture 'My Family'.

****27. Patchwork****

When Fin was born, some people in the village contributed to making him a gift. It was a sort-of tradition that had been started because everyone now had lots of spare time on their hands. Everyone's gift was different. But Fin's was something special. A handful of the odd bunch of people Hiccup and Astrid called their friends had each knitted a square, and all the squares had been stitched together to make a quilt. Hiccup's square was...interesting - to put it nicely. It was green, and the rows of knitting were higgildy-piggildy and poking out in all directions. Astrid's was immaculate, with different colours woven in, blues and greens and yellows. Stoick's was a larger square, with varying shades of red on it. The twins had done one together, so it was more of a triangle than a square. Fishlegs' was perfect, with a little Night Fury stitching on it. Snotlout's featured an axe. But Gobber's was something special. It was known that he could knit - he'd made various sweaters for the people of the village (Hiccup was the only one that wore them) but no-one guessed he could make something like the square that he'd produced. It had a yellow background, and in the centre, he'd made all of them out of wool. Hiccup, Toothless and Astrid in the middle, then the twins, Fishlegs and Snotlout, Stoick and Gobber, and Phil between them. And in Hiccup's arms was a little boy with auburn hair and sparkling blue-green eyes.

****28. Prank****

"Remind me again why I agreed to come and help you a and a _sheep_ of all things pull off some prank that has nothing to do with anything?"

"Phil's not just any sheep. He's one of a kind! And besides, these kids ned to be taught a lesson. Don't worry, I won't hurt Fin. Can't say the same about the others though."

"Goody." Stoick rolled his eyes.

"Baaaa..."

"Pipe down Phil! They're coming!"

Gobber produced a painted mask out of his bag, and placed it on Phil's head. It was of some un-Earthly being with red skin and black stripes on its face. He added the black cloak, tied a rope around the sheep's body and passed one end to Stoick. Gobber then positioned himself at the edge of the roof.

"When they come, scream loudly."

"Baaa..."

"I said pipe _down_ Phil!"

The group of kids walked through. There was Snotlout II and Masculine, with Maya, Thom and Fin following behind. Gobber giggled. Yes, he giggled, and for a moment Stoick was shell-shocked.

"Now Stoick!"

They released Phil, who now dangled centimetres in front of Snotlout II's face.

"Beragh!"

"Gurghy!"

The five kids screamed. All except Fin. He and Gobber had been planning this for days, and he knew exactly what was going to happen. Snotlout II was now on the ground, after having fainted.

"Yes! We showed those youngins!" Gobber screeched.

"GOBBER!" Masculine yelled.

"Let's skedaddle guys. That was an excellent performance, by the way Phil. You did me proud Stoick. Good on ya!"

Stoick smiled. Maybe Gobber's silly endeavours weren't so bad after all.

****29. Fish****

"Alright you two, we're going fishing."

"What?!" Hiccup and Fin said in unison.

"You heard me. We're going to the lake with some poles and lunch, and we'll fish until the end of the day. Good old-fashioned bonding time."

Hiccup groaned.

"Not this AGAIN. I thought we already established that fishing is NOT a priority OR something that we enjoy."

"Please? Just this once? I'll never ask again!"

"I guess so. I've never been fishing," Fin said.

"Never been fishing? You haven't lived, my boy! Fishing is one of life's pleasures!"

"Not really..." Hiccup muttered.

"Don't listen to him Fin! We're going fishing, and that's that!"

"Fine."

"Yes! Dad's gonna come too!"

"I am just so excited, I'm tingling with all the anticipation," Hiccup said sarcastically.

Stoick just shrugged, picked up the three poles and the basket of food and left the house, his son and grandson on his heels.

When they arrived at the lake, Stoick set down the basket and the poles, rubbed his hands together and cleared a spot for them to sit.

Then he picked up a pole, baited it and passed the other two and some bait to Hiccup and Fin. They sat in silence for a while.

"When are the fish going to bite?"

"Don't know."

Fin sighed. Although he was ten, patience still wasn't something he had a whole lot of. He probably got it from Stoick. It was a wonder that he could sit for so long fishing as it was. Fin shuffled over to Hiccup, and whispered in his ear.

"Dad, this is boring."

"I know."

"What should I do?"

"Just wait a little while longer, and then I'll show you."

"Alright."

Ten minutes later, Stoick had fallen asleep.

"Why's he sleeping?"

"These berries I found in the forest ages ago make people sleepy. I put them in his drink. I've used them countless times on the twins when they get too rowdy."

"Awesome! Now what?"

"Now, we go hunting for trolls."

****30. Accident****

"Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston, get down here NOW!"

The pair looked at each other and gulped. Oops. Maybe hiding their mother's axe in the forge wasn't the greatest idea they'd ever had. Especially in the pile of unwanted weapons Gobber was planning to melt down. They gingerly walked down the stairs to find their mother the colour of a tomato. A very ripe tomato. This meant trouble.

"Where is my axe? Your father hasn't touched it and I can distinctly remember placing it on this chair right here," she gestured to the chair, "so the only other people that could have touched it are you two. Would you like to tell me where it is this time?"

They looked forlornly at the floor.

"You probably don't want to know."

"Where?"

"In a big sticky puddle of metal at Gobber's workshop, being melted down right now. We're so so so so so sorry! We honestly didn't mean for it to happen!"

"WHAT?!"

"Run run run, get out of here before she blows up!"

"COME BACK! You two are in deep trouble! Just wait 'til your father finds out!"

The pair ran. Fast. They tumbled along the pathway in a blonde whirlwind, knocking over villagers as they went. They dashed through the forest, brambles sticking to their clothes and scratching their faces. In a kerfuffle of feathers, they raced through the chicken house, and out the other side. They stopped only when they arrived at Mulch and Bucket's house, panting. Tuffnut leaned on a yak. They were finally saf-

"RUFFNUT AND TUFFNUT THORSTON! YOU TWO WILL PAY FOR THIS!"

A/N: Reviews are always great...

7. Chapter 7

A/N: Hi! I am sooo sorry it's not even funny that this update is so late! I WILL try harder next time. I just didn't have a lot of time and my ideas would come to me in the middle of the night and I'd be too tired to write them down and then I'd just forget them. Anyways, I will update on Sunday if it kills me! I was so excited that the Catching Fire trailer came out two days ago! Yay! Anyways, 34 and 35 are very sad. 31 is my personal favourite. Thanks to my amazing reviewers Tasermon's Partner, Foxlight the Dragon Trainer, Wolf of IndigoRiver and lovelylopous. Yes, a story with the Great Troll Hunt is on its way. Tasermon's Partner, I have a confession to make about 28! I was thinking about Darth Maul when I wrote it. The game's afoot (haha I love Sherlock Holmes). This is the second time I have posted this chapter because last time part didn't save. Thankyou to johnnylee619 for pointing it out. Does it make more sense now? Well, have a great rest of the week everyone! Enjoy!

31. Star

Star-gazing was something that Toothless loved to do. Before he had met Hiccup, he had no reason to look up at the stars, he was too busy trying to blend into them to look up and gaze at the heavens. But now, he spent a lot of time staring at the sky, usually with Hiccup, or Hiccup and Astrid, and occasionally with his other friends as well. But Toothless relished the quiet, and without the twins' constant bickering, Snotlout's heavy breathing, Fishleg's nervous chatter or Hiccup and Astrid whispering sweet nothings to each other, it was dead quiet. You could have sliced the air with a dagger. There was nothing but the distant chirping of crickets to distract the obsidian dragon lying on the cliff. He could see the shape of a saucepan up in the sky, and the mutated shapes of animals. Toothless' imagination was a very big place, and he could just see the shape of a scorpion in the air. He wondered what the little lights were, where they started and ended, and where his place was in the gigantic universe. It was really something very difficult for a dragon of all things to understand, but he tried nonetheless. It made him feel very small, and very insignificant in the world, but now, all his attention was on the lights. Were they suspended up there, on a

string? Were they glued into place. But Toothless thought that maybe, the stars could move. He imagined them dancing up there with each other, twirling themselves, and spreading so much warmth, so much light throughout the galaxy. Maybe there were other dragons, somewhere out there, that could see the same starts as him. He was transfixed by the little floating lights, and was mesmerized by all the different shapes. Now, he could hear the clanking and occasional curse that signaled that Hiccup was making his way up the hill. And Toothless had an idea. He ran up to Hiccup and signaled for him to hop on his back. The boy obliged, and Toothless took off, soaring high into the night sky. He kept going, up into the nothingness, and didn't stop.

Toothless was trying to catch a star.

****32.**** Paint****

Tap, tap, tap.

Fin tapped his pencil on the wooden desk in his room. He was so bored it wasn't funny. His Dad had left earlier to help the Ingermans put up a fence somewhere and his Mum had gone to help Gobber with the next maniacal scheme he had come up with. All his friends were busy. Except Toothless, but the great dragon had left to do whatever he did on days like this. And, to top it all off it was about to rain. Just perfect. Fin sighed. Then, he spotted a labelled jar through the door of his room to his parents. He stood up and walked over to it, inspected it and smiled. Yes, this would do quite nicely. He went downstairs to the kitchen and pulled a brush out of one of the wooden pots by the window, and took off down to the docks. Fin was a particularly observant eight year old, and he had realised quite some time ago that the wooden boards down at the pier were very bland and ordinary. This could not do. So, he opened the tin of paint and began to paint the boards. There was no-one about on such a bleak afternoon, so Fin was able to work quickly without anyone disturbing him or asking; "Odin's beard! What ARE you doing there son?" It was rhythmic, swiping the brush backwards and forwards, and the little boy didn't stop until he had finished the top deck. Then, he decided to go home, and wash the brushes before coming back to listen to everyone admire his handiwork. When he arrived at the house, he washed the brush and replaced the tin of paint, before heading back down to the docks, where he was greeted with quite a crowd of people. Hiccup was there too, looking quizzically at the wooden boards.

"Hey Dad, do you like it?"

"Ohhh, you're the one who painted this. It's very bright..."

"I know!"

"Yes, where did you get the paint?"

"At home, under your bed."

"That was going to be to paint the pillars at the Great Hall, but oh well."

"Lad, why'd ya 'ave to paint the floor orange?" Gobber whispered.

"I thought it would be pretty," Fin said, his face downcast.

"Aye, an' it is! It's beautiful!"

Fin smiled.

"Come on then, let's go home."

When they arrived, Hiccup gasped. All over the door and walls were sticky orange handprints.

"Fin, did you wash your hands?"

"Oops."

****33. Hurry****

"Quick, hide the weapons!"

"Take the well-groomed yak to the cellar!"

"Move the beds!"

"Remove all sharp implements!"

"Take my lucky cockroaches to the vault!"

"Give Hiccup the toad to look after!"

"Put my wooden dragon on that shelf!"

"Get rid of the underpants on the floor!"

There was a knock on the door. It was Hiccup, wondering what all the noise was. Tuffnut's eye twitched slightly. In a voice filled with dread, he said:

"The cousins are coming."

****34. Run****

Little flecks of stray moonlight bounced off his scales as he raced through the trees. The crackling and splintering of wood echoed eerily. Somewhere out there, an owl hooted, the forest fell silent. He was too far away to hear the shouts of the village. He could almost hear the trees whispering to him. GONE, GONE, GONE. It was his fault. He should have been there. That's what he had promised he would do. But he hadn't kept his word. He was a bad friend. And He was NEVER coming back. He collapsed, exhausted. It was only then that he realised where he was. Instinct had led him to the cove, the only safe place right now. Soon he'd have to leave. But for now, he traced rick-rack patterns in the muddy sand. It was remedial, entrancing, watching the little lines form and then die away as they were over-shadowed by the others. Fractured ribbons of moonlight played on his scaly body, chasing each other as the trees above swayed in the wind. Then, the silence was shattered by a scream, so loud and clear and familiar that he felt sick. A little boy's scream. The boy couldn't have been older than seven. So, he raced off again, toward the sound of the scream. He was too late. Fin was gone. He hung his head. This was the most awful thing he had ever done. Silently, he said goodbye. He couldn't cry. Dragons didn't cry. Maybe he should

die here too. It would be better. Then he wouldn't have to be alone. But Astrid was still out there, somewhere. Maybe if he found her, they'd be alright, just the two of them. But alright wasn't really an option. This ran far deeper than any scar or battle wound the great dragon had received. But now, he had to go and find Astrid. When he did, they just ran to each other, and she cried, together, for what seemed like a million years. They were gone. Gone. And not coming back. For now, he just gestured for her to come with him, and they supported each other as they traipsed through the wreckage to the forest. When they got to the cove, they knelt at the water and she sobbed. Then, they got up and continued on, running through the bracken to the cliffs, leaving the burning blaze far behind them. Home. But he didn't know where home was any more.

****35. Sorry****

There two figures up high on one of the hills of Berk. One was slumped against a rock, the other sitting with their head in their hands, sobbing gently. One wiped a tear from her eyes, and placed a hand on the other's chest.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

She closed her eyes. She didn't want anyone to see her cry. She was meant to be tough. He would've wanted her to stop crying. Silent, shining droplets of salty water shimmied down her pale face, reflectent and glistening in the slivery light of the sun. For a while, she just sat and watched the sun fall softly below the horizon, and cried. She could see the rise and fall of her chest, the gentle sway of the leaves in the sycamore tree beside her, the shift in the air like feathers in a summer breeze. A silver-winged moth fluttered down and landed on a rock, its wings beating ever so slightly, weaving patterns through the air and ruffling the stems of grass that shot up like tufts of hair through the earth. She heard someone. Judging by the sound of the footsteps, she knew exactly who it was. A figure stepped out of the shadows and slowly made her way over. She sat next to her weeping friend and put her arms around her. She kept crying.

"I'm sorry," Astrid said.

"Yeah, me too."

They sat together for a while.

"We could send him off. It's better than him being burned when the others find him."

"I guess. Can we do it now?"

"Yes. Now would be better."

She held his cold, pale hand for a while, dreading the moment she would have to let go. A shiver crept up her spine as Astrid helped her haul him over to the cliff edge. She kissed his cheek.

"I'm so, so sorry. I should have saved you."

Then, they let him fall down into the ocean, and watched his pale form tumble about like a rag doll until he hit the water. She cried.

He was gone. Ruffnut's body was racked with sobs. Tonight, she'd be alone. Her brother was dead.

A/N: And there you have it. Please review. I know lots of people have been reading thisâ€|and a few more reviews would be fabulous. Have a nice day!

of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT.

8. Chapter 8

**A/N: Hi! I am sooo lazy it isn't even funny anymore. Words cannot describe how sorry I am for those of you who are following this and my loyal reviews. Thanks to all you guys, There's no way this story would've happened without you! But, in my defence, I was studying for exams and I have had a lot of stuff on my mind lately. But that doesn't excuse the fact that this chapter is 1 month 3 weeks and 3 days late. From now on, I will be updating every Sunday (my time â€" not including tomorrow) unless I warn you. I just don't like it when whole chapters are author's notes or someone reviews their own piece. Ok, to explain the chapter â€" 36 is because I love giving Snotlout phobias and making his time on FanFiction unbearable. 37 is because it was requested. I guess I didn't give the Vikings much credit in 38, but again, it's Fanfiction. I love 39. And I just thought that 40 was very fluffy and lovely, so decided to write it. **

Wolf of IndigoRiver: Thankyou for your ideas! They're brilliant! To please you, this chapter will have some more of 35!

LizziLori: Shoot away! Thankyou soo much! You guys (and girls) make me blush! Sorry, but per Wolf of IndigoRiver's request, this chapter will have some sad parts. I'll throw in some giggles too though, to cheer you up!

Tasermon's Partner: You'll be glad to hear that it's not canon. All these oneshots aren't connected unless I say, and the ones where people die don't occur in the same universe as the movie/books. It's kinda hard to explain. So basically, almost all the oneshots happen in different universes, but we can make all the nice ones in the same, yes? *wink*. For 33, I just got that from personal experience. How will Barf and Belch cope? Gru: LIGHT BULB. Thanks for your lovely reviews!

Hope you enjoy!

36. Bee

"AAAAAAHHHH! RUN! IT'S CLOSING IN!"

Hiccup, Astrid, Fishlegs, Ruff, Tuff and Toothless just stood idly by, watching Snotlout run circles around them. Fishlegs shook his head sadly.

"RUN AWAY! IT'LL GET YOU!"

"Wait here," Hiccup said, and ran as fast as he could in the direction of his house, his prosthetic clunking as he went.

He returned two minutes later with an empty jar and a piece of

parchment. He smiled knowingly at everyone, and trapped something in the jar, covering it with the parchment.

"Gotcha."

Snotlout was still screaming and running about, when Ruffnut tapped him on the shoulder, and he realised his assailant was gone. He looked around, confused, before he noticed Hiccup's hand over the jar. He sighed with relief.

"Oh good. It's gone."

"Snotlout, it's just a bee."

"It's DEADLY! Look at it's evil little face!"

The bee was banging its head on the side of the jar, trying to get out. Ruff and Tuff covered their mouths with their hands. Snotlout blushed.

Everyone raised their eyebrows and exchanged glances, smiling.

****37. Where****

It was dark outside by the time Barf and Belch came home. They had been with Hookfang, catching fish. There were no lights on in the house. Maybe Ruffnut and Tuffnut weren't home yet. Ingrid was on a voyage to trade, and the two were supposed to be looking after the house. But they weren't home. Barf and Belch sniffed, looking for Tuffnut's signature scent. It was nowhere to be found, except in the pile of clothes on the floor in their room. Ruffnut's spear wasn't on the hook above her bed. Barf and Belch looked at each other, puzzled, then decided to move on and light a fire to sleep by. Thor knew how long they lay there, before Ruffnut came home. Her clothes were crumpled, and her eyes had red splotches underneath them. But that couldn't be right. Ruffnut didn't cry. She took off her boots and picked up a candle, lit it and went to her room. Barf and Belch followed her, curious. When she got to her room, she began to put Tuffnut's clothes into a box. She sniffled. Barf nudged her. Belch tilted his head. She looked at them with wide eyes. Where is Tuffnut? Belch thought.

"He's not coming back! He's never coming back!" she sobbed suddenly, "Just go! He's not coming back!"

Ruffnut knelt on the wooden floorboards, that became slick with her tears.

"He's dead, stupid dragon! He's dead!"

****38. Predict****

It was only a week after the last of Ruff and Tuff's escapades that they decided to team up with Gobber for some extra fun. Their last scheme involved a bucket of dead fish, a padder, purple paint and a sheet, and had left a bad taste in the mouths of the Haddock family. Now, the twins had set up a purple tent decorated with the glitter a trader had stupidly given Ruffnut last time he'd been on Berk. The two blonde maniacs sat at a table inside, covered in sheets with holes cut in the top for their heads to fit through and more glitter.

Gobber was with them, supposedly hiding, but not very well. Tuffnut stepped outside.

"Roll up, roll up! Come and have your future predicted for just one gold piece! Hurry while we're still open!"

Passersby just glanced at them, puzzled, and continued on their way past. This time, Ruffnut tried.

"Everybody, hurry to our tent or it will be the end of the world! Molten rock will fall from the sky and kill you all!"

Vikings weren't really known for their intelligence, so slowly, a trickle of people began to enter the tent. They handed over gold pieces to the smirking twins, who told the unsuspecting customers all kinds of odd things.

Ruffnut had a scarf, and pulled it around her customer. She tossed glitter into the air and twirled around in a very large skirt.

"I predict that your hair will fall out this time tomorrow. The only treatment is in this little bag."

She held up the bag.

"It costs five gold pieces and will help ALTER THE FUTURE!"

The crowd oohed. The twins smiled wickedly.

"Tomorrow you will be able to fly on your own, without a dragon!"

"Your next child will be Thor's son!"

"At this exact moment next week your cat will turn into a sack of gold!"

"Pirates will raid Berk on the eve of Snoggletog and you will be the leader of the assault on them!"

"Gobber will ask you to marry him!"

"You'll meet a talking dragon!"

"You'll turn into a toad!"

"QUIET!" a voice bellowed.

The twins gulped in unison. Uh oh. This couldn't be good. Stoick was standing at the top of the hill on which his house sat, watching the little bit of madness and tyranny that was occurring in the sparkly tent.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, would you two mind coming for a walk with me?" Stoick said through gritted teeth.

They nodded and looked at each other.

"Gobber, please give these kind people their money back and pack up this tent."

So, Gobber did just that.

Standing not too far off, Hiccup (who had been watching the whole escapade) turned to Toothless and said:

"I predict turmoil and a few weeks of a very clean Great Hall."

****39. Wise****

Stoick was a highly opinionated person, especially when it came to his thoughts on other people. To be honest, he hadn't really listened to a lot of Gobber's ideas, and thought most of them were rather stupid. He respected Gobber greatly, but even when he needed Gobber's help, he didn't request it, because he didn't really think Gobber had useful advice. So when Stoick had absolutely no idea what to do about his son and Astrid, he didn't seek advice from Gobber. He thought that Hiccup was going about it the wrong way, and that if he didn't act right, his relationship wouldn't last a month. He was about to talk to his son about it, and give him some advice, when Gobber stopped him.

"I know what you're going to do, and I'm telling you, it's not a great idea. I'm pretty sure that Hiccup would be rather...uncomfortable about it."

Stoick just looked at him blankly.

"Just trust me, okay?"

"Alright."

So Stoick did. And without him interfering, Hiccup's relationship didn't fall apart. So, on the day of their wedding, Stoick turned to Gobber and said:

"Thanks for that advice you gave me."

"Oh, that's alright."

And Stoick realised that Gobber was one of the wisest people he had even met.

****40. Hair****

Hiccup and Astrid sat on the Hill, watching the sun set, as had become their habit. Their fingers were entwined and they were smiling in a half-dazed, lazy sort of way. While the sun still left a little light on the grass, Hiccup reached to grab the piece of twine that Astrid tied her hair with.

"What are you doing?"

He pulled it out, and her hair tumbled out from the braid, loose strands untucking themselves from behind her ear. She closed her eyes. She hated/loved having people play with her hair. She hated people with grubby hands and fingers even touching it, but loved her mother braiding and brushing it. Hiccup had never dared to touch it. At that moment it seemed to radiate light in the small rays of sun,

as if the great golden orb itself was hiding in the blonde mass of hair. She lay down, and fell into a trance, as if she had been hypnotised.

"Does that feel nice?"

Yes, yes it did, she thought, but just nodded. Hiccup smiled to himself. They stayed like that for a while longer, until the last ribbons of red and orange were replaced by the moon and stars. Then, Astrid started to sit up.

"We should probably go," she said. "Otherwise they'll wonder where we are."

"Alright."

She shivered as he ran his hands through her blonde locks once more.

"Could you plait it? I don't like the others seeing my hair down."

"I guess so..."

He tried to plait it, but bits fell out and wispy pieces blew about her face. She ended up just putting it into a ponytail. Then, they walked home. When they got to Astrid's house, she whispered in Hiccup's ear.

"See you."

"Bye."

"You know, I did learn something about you today."

"What would that be?"

"You're lousy at plaiting."

Then she kissed his cheek and ran inside, her coat flying out behind her like the wings of a bird.

****A/N:** I hope you liked this chapter. I have a lot of ideas (am no longer a long-sufferer of writer's block), so I'll have this week's chapter done easy-peasy-lemon-squeezy. Thanks to anyone who'll take some time out of their day (or night) to review! Have a nice day!******

****of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT****

9. Chapter 9

****A/N:** My proper Author's Notes will be at the end from now on. No doubt you guys (non-reviewers) sometimes skip them...******

****41. Lost****

It was awful, being all alone. Snotlout wasn't literally alone, he was sitting in the stables with Hookfang, on Berk, and all his

friend" the people he had called his friends were only a minute's walk away. But mentally, Snotlout felt very, _very _alone. He wasn't the sentimental type, but now he felt like he was stuck in a ditch, no, a massive hole, that was impossible to escape from unless someone helped him. And, he had put the icing on the cake by ruining _everything._ Snotlout hated that. He was _always _ruining things, and this time he'd really done it. He highly doubted that someone was going to come and pull him out of the hole now. He felt utterly lost, like even if he did somehow get out of the hole, he wouldn't be able to find his way home anyway. One detrimental comment had landed him there, and he guessed that he deserved it. So, he did something that he had sworn to himself never to do: he cried. They were only two tears, but they slid down his cheeks and landed on the hay-covered floor. He wiped at his eyes angrily. He wasn't supposed to be crying! Vikings didn't cry. _Except Hiccup._ Snotlout swore under his breath. That type of thing was the exact sort of comment that had landed him in the hole. He grimaced, and sighed. At the sound of footsteps, he took a deep breath and looked up. Of course it was _him _who had to see Snotlout like this, all sad and stuff. Hiccup smiled warily and sat down next to him.

"What do _you _want?"

"I was just checking to see if you were okay, you kind of just disappeared. But, you know, if you don't want me to stay..."

"No, please stay," the words exited Snotlout's mouth before he had a chance to think about them.

Hiccup looked genuinely surprised, but stayed where he was anyway.

"What's up?"

"Nothing."

Hiccup folded his arms over his chest.

"It can't be nothing, if it was _nothing _you wouldn't have been crying," he said, gesturing to the slight damp patches on Snotlout's cheeks.

"You got me genius. It wasn't nothing."

"What was it then?"

Snotlout took a deep breath.

"Well, you guys are all happy and together and I'm the odd one out. And, every time I try and do something right, for once, I mess everything up!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you have Astrid, and Tuffnut has Frigg, and Fishlegs has Ruffnut, and that's great for you guys, but I'm the odd one out. Whenever you do stuff, I end up on my own."

Hiccup was quite taken aback by this statement. Snotlout _always _had a mask of toughness on, and had never, _ever _shown emotion of this

kind to anyone. In fact, Hiccup felt very honoured to be the one that Snotlout was venting his inner sadness to. So, instead of making stupid, non-credible excuses that Snotlout wouldn't believe, Hiccup awkwardly wrapped his arms around his cousin. And, much to Hiccup's surprise, Snotlout didn't pull away. As it turned out, there was someone who could pull him out of the ditch.

****42. Bath****

"You seriously need to bathe. I can smell you from downstairs," Ruffnut said to her brother.

"No way! I'm trying to break the record that Uncle Agni set a few years ago. I've been going for four months, one week and six days! I'm not stopping now!"

"That is so disgusting I think I might be sick!"

"If you don't like it, then you can move out. Go live with Mildew or something."

"Now THAT would be even worse than putting up with this smell!"

"See. You'll just have to live with it," Tuffnut said smugly.

"No. I refuse to. I'm going to find someone to make you take a bath," she scowled, and off she went, leaving Tuffnut happily polishing his spear.

Astrid wasn't busy that day. She had been planning to go flying, and then take her axe to the woods and vent her frustration of losing to Hiccup in a race yet again to a tree. She jumped at the chance to do something productive when Ruffnut came over to her house, so the two girls set off to collect the things they needed for their plan, which fortunately, didn't take very long. They only needed a couple of good weapons for threatening and some soap. When they had gotten everything they needed, they marched back to the Thorston's house, axes, swords and knives clanging at their sides. Tuffnut was so shocked when the two girls came up to him, weapons drawn, that he fell off his bed and hit his head on the floor. Smiling sweetly, Astrid walked up to him and pulled him up from the floor by his ear.

"Tuffnut Thorston, if you don't get into that bathtub and wash yourself right now, I will remove your sense of smell," she said calmly, thrusting the bar of soap into his hand and pushing him in the direction of the bathroom, where two buckets of water were waiting to be used.

Tuffnut looked at Astrid owlishly, then raced off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Well that worked," Ruffnut said, giving Astrid the signature Thorston grin.

****43. Three****

Twice he'd seen her cry. There was that time when they were only very young, after she was burnt when a dragon set fire to her house - and

that was only a sniffle. The other was right after he'd woken up, when she'd punched him again and allowed a few tears to slide down her cheeks, the whole time chanting to him how worried he was and how he better not do something like that EVER again, or she would kill him. So, when she came to him in the middle of the night and knocked on his door so loudly that she woke everybody up, he was not expecting her to be crying. But she was - her cheeks were stained and her eyes were red - so he just wrapped his arms around her and sat next to her in the grass, and simply held her. And somehow, they fell asleep like that, her cheeks still wet, and his shirt stained from her tears.

****44. Same****

Toothless loved the rabbits. They lived in the woods, in a clearing, where there was an abundance of mushrooms, green shoots and other bits and pieces for them to eat. There were six of them in total. They hopped about, chewed on things, and then hopped about some more. Toothless loved their twitchy noses. Once, he tried to be a rabbit too, and hopped about in the clearing with them, but the rabbits just got scared and ran away. They didn't appear for a few days, but eventually they returned and went back to their grass-chewing-nose-twitching business. But Toothless' favourite thing about the rabbits was their ears. They were highly amusing, as Toothless didn't know how they managed to stick up straight like that. There was one rabbit that the great dragon was particularly fond of. It was strawberry blonde with little patches of brown and a black spot near its right eye. But it had a limp, and couldn't hop fast without running in a circle. Toothless liked watching it. And as it turned out, so did Hiccup. He was with Toothless one day watching the rabbits, when he noticed the limping one. Hiccup reached down and stroked the rabbit's ears, and looked up at Toothless. And, the boy and the dragon smiled together.

****45. Sled****

It was snowing on Berk when Astrid came up with the big idea. She'd uncovered a sled in her family's attic, and was itching to test it out on the slopes around the cove with Hiccup. She was originally going to invite Fishlegs, the twins and Snotlout too, but the twins were nowhere to be found, Fishlegs was still sleeping after spending a night tending to a sick Meatlug, and Snotlout had developed a cold. So it was just Astrid, Hiccup, Toothless and Stormfly who donned furs and dragged the sled to a massive hill. They stood staring down at it for a while, and then hopped on the sled, grinned at each other and pushed off, flying down the hill like there was no tomorrow, the wind ruffling their hair, their mouths twisted into maniacal smiles. They hit a root at one point, and nearly slipped off at another, but the sled remained intact. Afterwards, they hopped off, breathless from laughing, their cheeks aching from smiling so much. And, though the experience was terrifying and nearly caused them to break bones, they dragged the sled up the hill again and flew down the slope once more. This process continued until it began to grow dark, and the two teens decided that it was time to leave, because they were hungry and their parents would probably be starting to wonder where they were. By the time they got home, the sled was so battered that it was starting to split down the middle, and Hiccup and Astrid were wearing two massive smiles.

****A/N: Hi! It's been a while since I updated. I'm really glad to be**

back. I was actually back in the country a week ago, but I only got the chance to write one drabble while I was overseas. Sorry everyone. I was highly uninspired until last night, when I watched HTTYD again, and got something like eight different ideas. Now, a special thanks to my buddy (hope you're reading this liv-hunger-games-zap) who is the source of many inspirations and who bought me a Toothless pillow pet for my birthday! And, another special thank you to all my amazing, wonderful reviewers, followers and favouriters! Anyways, I discovered The Mysterious Benedict Society while I was at the airport, and am nearly finished the series (the third book is on order ... still)! I'll have more time to update this semester, I think, at least at the start, because I don't have to study for exams. Now, on to explanation for these drabbles. 41 was rather interesting to write. I haven't seen a whole lot of Snotlout angst, so didn't really have anything to go by. Sorry that it's more of an oneshot than a drabble. Oh well. The others are pretty much self-explanatory.**

Guest: Sorry about that. I like him too, but don't worry, he's only dead in 35 and 37 â€" alive in all the others. It was just for the sake of FanFiction. He's not really dead. Thanks for your review!

Tasermon's Partner: I fixed up a couple of mistakes on here (this chapter) that you pointed out. Sorry. My brain was starting to feel like mush, and 45 was the last one I wrote.

And thank you to the other Guest, Tasermon's Partner, LizzyLori, Foxlight, Wolf of Indigo River, TwiliRupée and GoldenHeartz11 for your reviews!

I am open to suggestions...

Review, tell me what you think and all that jazz...

**Yours in demigodishness and all that!
of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT!**

10. Chapter 10

A/N: Hi! Long Author's Note at the end again... Sorry if I offended any of you amazing, supportive, brilliant-minded people who do review, favourite, follow and read constantly and read my Author's Notes. Thanks again for your support.

46. Cut

Ruffnut was fed up with her mother. Ingrid Thorston hadn't really done anything wrong, but she'd sure made her daughter very angry over the past few weeks. Ingrid was struggling to come to terms with the fact that Berk didn't kill dragons anymore, so had decided on a new hobby to keep her busy. She'd always had a talent for braiding hair â€" she'd done so for Ruffnut on many occasions â€" so thought that maybe she could start doing more ... elaborate things with her daughter's hair. Ingrid had considered doing something interesting with Tuffnut's blonde mess, but thought better of it â€" it was covered in something greasy and disgusting, and Ingrid didn't want to touch it. So far, she had done neat buns on the top of Ruffnut's head, thin plaits all around it, an odd up do that had fallen over

after five seconds and many other fantastical hairstyles " all of which Ruffnut had hated with a passion. She missed her no-fuss plaits and not brushing her hair for weeks. The _hairstyles _were turning into ordeals that took way too long, and Ruffnut had decided to put an end to them. It wasn't planned, what she did that chilly morning before her mother was even awake, it was merely done out of impulse, and was probably the result of hormones being... hormonal. While Tuffnut was still sleeping like a log, her mother was in bed and her hair was loose, Ruffnut stepped outside with into the cold air with her axe. There was no-one about " most people were relishing the blissful silence that came with cold mornings when the dragons didn't feel like going outside. Ruffnut heard her mother open the door to her bedroom with a creak, her footsteps squeaking on the wooden floorboards. Ingrid was probably preparing the comb and twine to carry out the latest hair disaster. That was what really did it for Ruffnut. She smiled inwardly, and cut straight through her blonde locks. Luckily, the axe was sharp, so it only took one swipe to do away with her long hair. It now fell to her shoulders, just as blonde and soft as ever. Satisfied, Ruffnut got rid of the evidence (the long strands of hair in a pile at her feet) and stashed it in a basket at the foot of her bed. She then got dressed and continued her day as usual. Her mother stood open-mouthed, as Ruffnut paraded through the hall to the front door, tucking a knife into her boot as she went.

"Bye! See you later!" she called out as she walked along the path to meet her friends.

When Ruffnut arrived at their meeting place, everyone was gaping at her, except of course, for Hiccup. He was too busy sketching Toothless and Stormfly chasing each other. Astrid smiled, and then laughed. Hiccup looked up, squinted at Ruffnut for a second and said:

"Oh, you cut your hair."

Astrid punched him in the shoulder.

"Ow! Uh ... it looks nice."

Tuffnut joined their little circle, with two handfuls of Ruffnut's hair tucked under his arms.

"Hey guys! Look what I found," he said with glee, putting a few bits of hair over his upper lip like a moustache.

Snotlout shrugged.

"It looks like someone got an axe and just cut it off."

"That's because I did, idiot."

"Oh, right."

Discouraged by everyone's reactions, Ruffnut slouched in defeat.

"Well, I think it looks ... really pretty," Fishlegs stuttered, "Suits you."

****47. Best****

She'd tried her best to stay calm. She really, truly had. But Astrid Hofferson wasn't one to take serious issues lightly. The rumours were true - she had cried. But, for the first time, she care if anyone saw her or not. It was nearly a joke that she'd been crying over the same boy who was so infuriating that she'd nearly broken his arm. Astrid really was glad that he was okay, though. She didn't love him, (not yet anyway, she thought with a sad smile) "for Thor's sake she'd only really started to know him for a day before it happened. But she did want to know him, not know the village screw-up who never did anything right. She wanted to understand him, understand what it was like to be Hiccup, not Hiccup the Useless or Hiccup the Dragon Fighter. She definitely wanted to listen to him. It was perplexing the way that he waved his hands around a lot as he spoke to her about issues that he found important, as if they wanted to tell the story for themselves. She could get lost in his eyes. It was like she was drowning in an emerald whirlpool every time she looked at him. When he gave her that shy, crooked smile, she couldn't resist smiling back. It seemed that whenever she was around him her cheeks ached from smiling. It was really quite disturbing for her, and for the people around her, going from her state of aloofness to smiling all the time. Astrid pretended that she was confused about how she'd undergone this drastic transformation, but really she knew that it had everything to do with that same green-eyed boy that she'd been crying over, and whose arm she nearly broke. Like she said, she'd tried to keep calm. But that in itself was proving to be very difficult to do.

****48. Mend****

Hiccup was in absolute awe. Nothing like that had ever happened before in his entire life. He'd been determined to fix the crack in one of the stone pillars in the Great Hall, and needed some different tools, which he'd easily gotten from the forge. He accidentally forgot to ask Gobber, though, so now Gobber looked ready to explode. When trying to hammer in a new piece of stone, the pillar had split in half and nearly crushed him, but he'd managed to dive under a table. The actual fall of the pillar didn't damage anything, but after it fell, part of the roof caved in. It was only a small part, about half as big as a table, but created an awful lot of dust, and would probably take a while to fix. Stoick, of course, was at the scene of the crime almost immediately, his face darkened with anger.

"Do you have ANY idea how much time it will tak-" Stoick had started, but got a kick in the leg from Gobber, who raised his eyebrows in warning.

Stoick took a very deep breath and closing his eyes.

"I suppose that it will only take a week or so. It probably would've been destroyed in a dragon raid if we still killed them anyway. But ... I suppose ... good job, son, for pointing out that crack. It probably would've spread, and given out in a most ... inconvenient time if you hadn't done ... that."

It was clear that Stoick was trying really hard to be encouraging and not lose his cool, and it was having miraculous effects on Hiccup. He blushed, and then looked sheepishly at the floor.

"Sorry dad."

"That's okay, Hiccup. We can fix it."

****49. Happy****

Really late one evening, when the majority of Berk was trying to sleep, a boy and a dragon crept up a gravel path to a window in the shadow of a massive hill. The window was only at ground level, but the boy still had trouble pulling the shutters open, as they were jammed shut on the inside. Hiccup â€" with the help of Toothless â€" managed to yank it open using a knife, but they made an awful lot of noise. Hiccup winced.

"Thanks bud."

Toothless helped the boy to climb through the window rather loudly (Hiccup's prosthetic caught on the windowsill and made an awful racket), and he managed to stand up reasonably unscathed. He brushed non-existent dust off his tunic and pulled something from his pocket. Hiccup took a deep breath, stepped towards the sleeping figure ... and tripped over air. Stupid. He should have known that this was a bad idea. He should have given the gift to her in person. But it was her birthday, for Thor's sake, and he wanted to do something that she would remember for the rest of her life. He sighed. Miraculously, she was still asleep. There was still hope for him. He narrowed his eyes in concentration ... until he got a proper look at her sleeping face. Her flaxen hair was spread out on her pillow, â€" she was wearing it loose â€" and she was wearing the tiniest of smiles. Hiccup just stood and gaped at her beauty for a while, until he shoved his thoughts aside. It wasn't the time for distractions. He had a mission to complete. However, luck wasn't on his side that night â€" it seemed that luck was never on his side â€" and as he reached out to lay his gift on the bedside table, he slipped over, hitting his head on the rail below Astrid's bed, his prosthetic un-hinging itself from his leg and skidding across the floor. Astrid sat bolt upright, sliding a knife out from under her pillow and baring her teeth in a frightening-but-still-beautiful (to Hiccup) way. Then her eyes landed on Hiccup â€" who was rubbing his head â€" and her gaze softened a bit.

"What in the name of Thor do you think you're doing here?" she hissed under her breath.

"Uh ... hi Astrid ... hi Astrid," Hiccup said sheepishly.

She glared at him.

"Well?!"

"It's your birthday tomorrow..."

"I'm quite aware of that, Hiccup."

"...and I thought that I'd do something special. So here."

He thrust the things in his hand at her. They were somewhat crushed, but unmistakably purple â€" a little bunch of flowers. Asters. Astrid looked confusedly at him, and he looked at the floor, and blushed a

brilliant shade of scarlet. Then, he grabbed his prosthetic, clicked it back into place and stood up shakily.

"Bye Astrid, I guess I'll see you tomorrow."

She looked at him in disbelief. He awkwardly hobbled to the window and literally fell out, clambered on to Toothless' back, and was off. Astrid smiled, went to the kitchen and put some water in a jar and placed the Asters into it. Then, she left the jar on her bedside table and climbed into bed, a smile etched on her face.

****50. Love****

One night, after Hiccup had dragged himself from the forge in a bleary stupor, his eyelids drooping considerably due to lack of sleep, and he had managed to fall into bed, Stoick came into his bedroom, wondering why he was still awake.

"S'ry dad. Was ... workin' on new project," Hiccup mumbled into his pillow.

"That's all right. Goodnight," Stoick said.

"G'night dad. Love you..."

Stoick stopped at the door and took a deep breath.

"Love you too, son. See you in the morning," he said awkwardly, and stumbled out the door.

****A/N:** Well, this is two weeks and one day late. Sorry. I've been caught up with school and netball, and I recently went to the Writer's Festival so I've been working on refining my writing. I meant to publish this a while ago, but my computer died last Sunday, and I still had two drabbles to write, and I didn't find time for it this week. I was going to post it last night, but I was so tired that I couldn't even interpret what I was writing, so deemed it best to finish when I could comprehend sentences. I made it to 50! That's halfway to the finish line! Just 50 more to go! Anyways, I'm not going to explain these. I'll let you guys interpret them how you want to. Except, with 47 I needed to do some origin thing that explains Astrid's reaction at the end of the movie ... kinda. I'm not sure if I hit the target. Last chapter, Tasermon's Partner** **was wondering what I meant with 45. Well, every good character has its flaws. And especially with characters like Snotlout, authors (or directors) love to give them something that they're scared of. With Snotlout, for me, even though he's afraid of bees, he also has a deeper fear that before the movie events was never really a problem for him. For Snotlout, his fear is being left behind and abandoned. I think that Snotlout's a bit insecure. People always say that ones who bully are unsure of themselves, and in a way, Snotlout's a bully at the start of the movie. We do see some character development towards the end, but not a lot. There's more in the TV show, and hopefully we'll get to see even more in the second movie! But anyways, I think that because now Hiccup's popular (well, of sorts) and he got the girl (excuse that expression â€" I hate it, but it seemed appropriate), and now Snotlout's kind of stuck, hence the expressions used in 45. So, he's slowly realising that his fears are coming true (that doesn't really make sense, but hopefully you know what I mean), and feeling insecure again, so, he lashes out at unexpected times â€" in

45 he said something derogatory to Fishlegs â€" but because people are no longer expecting Hiccup to screw up, there's more attention towards his mistakes. Now, everyone sees him as a perfect viking, but Hiccup's gone and turned the definition of 'viking' upside down, so people are starting to pay a bit more attention towards the feelings of others â€" especially the teens â€" because Hiccup's sensitive and they're being great friends by looking after him. But because they're paying more attention towards feelings, they're picking up on those moments when Snotlout says mean stuff to people. And, from what I can gather, what he said to Fishlegs was ****_**really**_**** mean. So now, he's kind of alone, because no-one knows about his secret fear (except maybe Hiccup â€" he's so perceptive). And that's 45 in a nutshell. I hope it made sense ... it did in my head. Basically, I'm working on reading character's emotions. I read the Mysterious Benedict Society series while I was on holidays, and I absolutely love it to pieces. I'm thinking of writing something for it. Now, for the thank you s: big, big thanks to Wolf of IndigoRiver, Ferdoos, Tasermon's Partner and LizzyLory, and to everyone who read, favourite and followed (I love you all in a non-sexual way). Well, see you next week for the first five after 50... exciting!**

****Thank you for your time reading this absurdly long Author's Note and my story in general.****

****Yours in demigodishness and all that.
of-nightfuries-and-mockingjays OUT!****

End
file.